

T H E

Bonny Boatman's Garland:

Furnished with many curious

New Songs.

- I. The Bonny Boatman, and the Answer.
- II. The Broom of the *Colding-knowe*.
- III. *Moggy's Request to her Sweet-heart Jockey*;
- IV. The Rakes of *London*.



Licensed and entered according to Order.



The Bonny Boatman's GARLAND.

The Bonny Boatman

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And please the canny Boatman,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me,
My brave, my bonny *Scotzman*.

In holy Bands we join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While Parents rate a large Estate
Before a faithful Lover.

But I loor chuse in *Highland Glens*,
To herd the Kid and Goat, Man,
Then I cou'd for sike little Ends,
Refuse my bonny *Scotzman*.

Wae worth the Man, wha first began
That base ungenerous Fation;
For greedy Vows, Love's Arts to use,
While Strangers to its Pasion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haste to thy longing Lassie,
Wha pants to press thy balmy Mouth,
And on her Bosom hause thee.

Love gi's the Word, then haste on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boatman;
Waft o'er, waft o'er, fra yonder Shore,
My blyth, my bonny *Scotzman*.

My

My Love has bonny mickle Charms,
As weel become a *Scotsman*;
He's welcome to my wideosome Arms,
The' he had ne'er a Groat, Man.

The blitheſt Lad you e'er beheld,
Belov'd by *Higland Lasses*;
For weel I ken, none can excell,
His Beauty all ſurpſaes.

O *Wolley, Wolley*, haſte thee o'er,
Once more my *Wolley* venture;
Thy *Moggy* will wait on the Shore,
She longs for Love's Indenture.

She longs for to be ty'd to ye,
In mickle Joy and Pleasure,
And values her dear *Wolley* more,
Then all the Eastern Treasure.

Then bonny *Scot*, pray come away,
No more you Mountains clamber;
If Traveling you love, you may
Upon my Bubbies wander.

They're sweeter far then *Abion's Hills*,
With gentle Vallies under;
And all Delights that you can fill,
With Pleasure and with wonder.

The Boatman's reply to his Mistress, by one R. D.

WHat melting Voice is this I hear?
What moving Sounds of Boatmen?
Is this my charming Angel dear,
Calling me her faithful *Scotsman*?

Tho

Tho' Parents frown, and us disown,
We'll entertain our Fashion;
For pure Love is from above,
Therein is no Transgression.

Much more thy Favour I esteem.
Then worldly Pelf and Treasure:
Thou'd make *Arabian Deserts* seem
A Paradise of Pleasure.

Wae worth the Maid that first display'd
The cause, the vile Distraction,
For worldly Pelf, to sell her self,
And all her Satisfaction.

I come, I come, with flying Speed,
Dear Charmer, to solace you;
Nought but your blooming Virtues need
Invite me to embrace you.

The Word is *Love*, assist me *Jove*,
Kind *Neptune* be my Boatman,
With gentle Gales bend all my Sails;
I come thy faithful *Scotsmān*.



The Broom of the Colding-knows.

HOW blyth each Morn was I to see
The Swain come o'er the Hill,
He skipt the Burn, and flew to me,
I met him with Good-will:

O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom:
The Broom of the Colding-knows;
I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.

I nei-

neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
 While his Flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
 And chear'd me all the Day:

O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed so sweet,
 The Birds stood list'ning by,
 Even the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his Melody:
O the Broom, &c.

While thus we spent our Time by Turns,
 Betwixt our Flocks and Play,
 I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
 Though ne'er so Rich and Gay:
O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavenly and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,
 That ever yet was born:
O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me every Hour,
 Cou'd I but faithful be,
 He stole my Heart, cou'd I refuse
 Whan e'er he ask'd of me:
O the Broom, &c.

My Doggie and my little Kit,
 That held my wie soup Whey,
 My Pladdy, Broch, and crooked Stick,
 May now lie useleſſ by;
O the Broom, &c.

Adieu

Adieu now to the Colding-knows,
Farewell a' Pleasures there,
Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care:

O the Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
I b^r. Bro m of the Cloding-knows.
I wish I were with my dear Swain,
With his Pipe and my Ews.



Moggy's Request to her Sweet-heart Jockey.

O My bonny Jockey, close in my Arms I'll lock thee,
You shall never gang to the bloody Wars again,
No, nor hear the Sound of the Trumpet,
In the Grove we'll sport and play,
Laugh all Night, and kiss all Day:

What a Pox have we to do with Germany and Spain,
Or what the De'l do you or I by either of them gain,
Had you not better at Home remain with your Moggy?

What will you leave your Cattle to go where Guns do rattle,
To wander here and there, the De'l knows where,
For Honour in a Battle?

Suppose you lose an Arm, or get a broken Leg,
The De'l be your Comfort for me, says Pez.
What a Pox have we to do with Germany or Spain,
Or what the De'l do you or I by either of them gain,
Had you not better at Home remain with your Moggy?

I pray leave off your Scolding this Noise of Catter-wauling,
Against prout Spain I'll crois the Main,
Where Blows they are rolling:

Mind your Turkies, your Pigs, and the Sow.
man is big enough to milk the Cow,
There is Honout and Riches for them that will roam,
When there is nothing but Labour and Trouble at Home,
Then be contented to lie a little while alone, dear Moggy.

Jockey, don't deceive me, why will you strive to grieve me,
What must I do with Harry, Kate, and Sue,
If you should offer to leave me;

If Kings fall out, pray whats that to you,
 I'll mind my Spinning-wheel, gang ye to your Plough.
 What a Pox have we to do with *Germany* and *Spain*,
 Or what the De'el do you or I by either of them gain,
 Had you not better in *Scotland* remain with your *Moggy* ?

The Rakes of London.

W Horing, drinking, scolding, fighting,
 Spending all our Days in Nighting,
 In Pleasure that is most delighting,
 Lives the Rakes of *London*.

We'll make the City Taverns roar,
 Drinking Punch and Wine gallore,
 Drink about and call for more,
 Says the Rakes of *London*.

After drink we spend our Days,
 To Masquerade, to Ball or Plays,
 Or to *Vaux Hall* we'll take our Ways,
 In raking thus in *London*.

There we are always sure to find,
 A Mistress that's both free and kind,
 Gay and buxom to our Mind,
 Says the Rakes of *London*.

Then to *Drury Lane* repairing,
 At all the Bawds and Bullies swearing,
 Misses Gowns and Aprons tearing,
 Says the Rakes of *London*.

Kicking Bullies out of Doors,
 Let the Devil pay the Score,
 For the Reckoning strip the Whore,
 Says the Rakes of London.

Come, says one, we'll pay no Score,
 Turn the Landlord out of Door,
 Knock his Wife upon the Floor,
 Says the Rakes of London.

Then up Stairs honest John,
 Rubs the Chalks all out but one,
 That behind the Door shall stand,
 Says the Rakes of London.

Then to a Bawdy-house we'll go,
 Calling for a Miss or two,
 Half a Score, no less will do,
 For the Rakes of London.

Call to the Landlord, what's to pay,
 Damn the Reck'ning, we won't stay,
 Curse the Musick they won't play
 For the Rakes of London.

If Clap or Pox should ever seize you,
 Dr. Rock will strive to cure you,
 With Bolus, Pills, will ever tease you,
 Says the Rakes of London

Then to the Bagno we'll repair,
 Poxing twenty Miles there,
 Wearing the Thread of Life out there,
 Thus dies the Rakes of London.